

EVA BOOTH, NEW COMMANDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Young Woman of Rare Ability and Zeal
Becomes Head of One of the Greatest
Corporations in Country.

Why Eva Booth Will Be the Chief Executive
Of the Salvation Army in the United States

Ten years ago she commanded the army in Great Britain. She has successfully ruled in Canada for a decade. Her efforts defeated Ballington Booth's secession movement in this country. Of all the Booths she is the most successful slum worker. She gave up love to carry on her work. In business ability and common sense she rivals Hetty Green. She has been a close observer of conditions here.

A GAIN a woman to the fore. As chief executive of one of the greatest corporations in the United States, Eva Booth, soon to become the commander of the Salvation Army in this country, will hold in her hands the reins of a power that extends through the length and breadth of the land. This huge organization, incorporated under the laws of New York State, yearly expends over \$1,000,000 in relief of the poor. Founded as it is on a business basis, the Salvation Army is dependent upon business methods and its officers must have rare ability and practical common sense. Many commanders of temporal armies have failed in the task of providing for the men on the firing line. No less exacting is the work necessary for the onward march of the spiritual army and such is the task that will fall upon Eva Booth, youngest daughter of the founder of the army.

Assisted by her staff, Miss Booth must care for the real estate of the corporation, which is estimated at \$1,500,000; for its personal property, valued at \$400,000, and for its annual trade turn over of some \$200,000. The alms to the poor must be distributed, and the field of action of the army broadened, and, although the actual work will be done by her subordinates, the chief executive must oversee and understand the whole, even to the remotest detail.

Comes Here in November. Eva Booth will succeed her brother-in-law, Commander Booth Tucker, now the head of the army in this country, in November. So depressed has the commander been since the death of his wife in a recent railroad accident that the work of leading the Salvation Army has become more than he can bear in a manner satisfactory to himself. With the appointment of Eva Booth to fill the position comes the culmination of years of hard work in the ranks of the army.

Tall and slender, with piercing black eyes and magnetic hair, Eva Booth is a personality that would command attention in any sphere. She is but thirty-eight years old, and in spite of the hard work in which she has spent her life she looks even younger. Her voice is soft and gentle, but can on occasion become a ringing call to those in need of help. It is her habit to lay aside the regulation "hallooah bonnet" when addressing large meetings. Her black hair, brushed straight back from her brow, forms a glorious halo about her head. Nor does her appearance belie her character. She has seen hundreds of the women of the poor throughout the slums of the world for her kindness and sympathy. With an

indomitable will she has always sought the most difficult posts in the field. Often she has succeeded where all others had failed.

Her Great Executive Ability.

That she is a woman of great executive ability has been proved by the successful manner in which she has carried on the work of the Salvation Army, first as commander in Great Britain and then in Canada. When she leaves the Dominion to come here she will turn over to her brother Herbert, who is to succeed her there, a well-ordered jurisdiction. In the nine years that she was commander of the army in Canada the scope of its work has been greatly increased, and thousands have been saved from the gutter and worse.

Eva Booth was born on Christmas Day, in 1866. On that same Christmas Day the East End Mission was founded in London by her father, Gen. William Booth. Her birth was considered an augury of success to the army of redemption, which hoisted its flag for the first time that day.

Began to Save Souls Early in Life.

She began to do her share of the work in spreading the creed of salvation to all mankind when she was a mere child. In 1884, when the advances of the army in England were being received with hostility by the worst element and with decided indifference by the better classes, she made her first appearance in the street meetings. Down in the district of Whitechapel, London, in the midst of the slums, the army had begun its street meetings, and had met with all kinds of opposition, even to open threats and show of force. The Whitechapel hoodlum, afraid that his way in the district was threatened by the activity of the "sky soldiers," turned out and tried by hooting, hissing, and the throwing of decayed vegetables to drive the Salvationists from the streets.

The authorities turned an indifferent ear to the appeals of General Booth, and things looked dark for the work of the army in that part of London which needed its efforts most. One night there arose on the little platform in the street a twenty-year-old girl in the uniform of the army. The hoodlums stopped in their efforts to drown the voices of the Salvationists and stared at the child before them. Then, before they could renew their efforts, she began to sing. The voice, clear and eager, ringing out amid the dirt and quarrel and sin of Whitechapel, silenced the crowd where the efforts of the older workers had been objects of ridicule. To the end the girl went on with her song, and when she ceased women who had not known what tears were for years were crying and men were standing silent and abashed. So the Salvationists, who stopped traveling with the general and settled down

GREATEST WOMAN EXECUTIVE



EVA BOOTH.
The Daughter of General Booth, Who Has Demonstrated Remarkable
Leadership and Will Head Salvation Army in This Country.

Eva Booth introduced to the people among whom she was to spend years of work.

For two years she accompanied her father in his tours and sang her way into the hearts of her listeners. Then, because the people of the slums could not forget the little girl who had touched their hearts, they stopped traveling with the general and settled down

to the work of saving souls among the submerged classes. Her sweet face and manners won the love of those among whom she labored. Gifted with a fine voice and grace of bearing, she captivated the district and was soon known as the "angel of the slums."

"The police could do nowt w' me. But you little lass could do owt w' that she likes," so said a drunkard of the north of England, and therein expressed the sentiments of many a rough character.

Refused to Marry Young Man She Loved
Because He Was Unwilling to Under-
take Salvation Work.

saw the girl whose voice and presence swayed the crowd that gathered, and promptly lost his heart to her. He attended the meetings of the army, joined in the choruses of the songs, and finally avowed his love and asked Miss Booth to become his wife. But the bar of the Army's regulations was between them. The young man was unwilling to take up the task of soul saving, and Eva Booth was so devoted to her work that she would not become the wife of any man who could not engage with her in her labors.

Eva Booth continued in her efforts in her chosen field, and the sociologist sadly went his way. Miss Booth is now the only one of General Booth's daughters in the Army who has not married.

Her Adopted Children.

In spite of the fact that she was never married Miss Booth could attend a mothers' meeting with far more intelligence than the numerous old maids invariably found in such assemblies, and perhaps many of the mothers gathered there. For she has adopted and "rated" several little waifs, giving them a happy home. One of them, Dorothy Graham, popularly known through the Army as "Little Dot," is with her now. "Little Dot" is a "Volunteer," and is widely known as the famous Welsh warbler of the Salvation Army.

For ten years Eva Booth devoted herself to the bettering of the poorer classes of London, and the provinces. She helped her father to found the working men's and women's lodging houses. She was instrumental in starting the Salvation Army coffee houses, which in parts of the city have superseded the saloons and ale houses. In a hundred practical ways she accomplished good.

Not only in London has Miss Booth brought, but in the provinces, in the mines of Cornwall, where the miners listen eagerly to her exhortations; among the fishermen along the coast; in fact, wherever there was need for her services she has been tireless in her efforts. "The Grand Opera Queen of the Army" is a title that her singing won for her, and in the provinces, the announcement that Eva Booth was to sing was sufficient to bring a crowd to every meeting.

Sang as Italian Beggar.

While in London Miss Booth was especially faithful to the work in the Italian settlement there. She learned many of the traits of the natives of Sunny Italy. Dressed as an Italian beggar, with tambourine and accordion in hand, she delighted the crowds that collected on the street corners and vacant lots to listen to her. Her dark coloring made it especially easy for her to assume this role, and it became such a favorite that she has frequently appeared in large meetings, sometimes in international assemblies of the army, in this guise.

Miss Booth made her first appearance in the United States about nine years ago, at the time of the secession of Ballington Booth from the established Salvation Army. The sympathy of nearly all the friends of the movement in this country lay with the seceders. Ballington Booth had carried with him the great majority of the officers and soldiers of the army. At a word from her father this young girl came to the United States as temporary commander of the forces here. She never hesitated for a moment. She took up the torch in the very stronghold of the enemy, New York City.

Her first meeting was held in the auditorium of Carnegie Music Hall. A crowd

of more than 5,000 persons had collected ready to follow the new commander. In that great assembly there were only two hundred soldiers and a few friends who had remained faithful to the old order of things. When Eva Booth arose to open the meeting, hisses, cat calls, howls, greeted her. Her face was pale but determined. Standing there young and fair with outstretched hand she finally gained a hearing. After the first few opening sentences the crowd was hanging upon her every word. You could have heard a pin drop in the silence that had settled over the noisy crowd of a moment before. As she continued the sentiment of her audience changed. After she had been talking a short half hour there were few in the crowd who had not come back to the ranks of the old army, and when the speaker finished she was met with wild applause. Hundreds took again the oath of allegiance to the Salvation Army.

This is only one instance of the pluck that has always characterized Eva Booth. Her brother-in-law, Commander Booth Tucker, says of her: "Of all the children of General and Mrs. Booth, none has possessed in so powerful a degree as Eva Booth the faculty of attracting and managing the roughest of the roughs." She spent about three months in this country carrying on her work. In this time she had again established the old order on a firm footing. She was then ordered to Canada to take command of the branch of the army there.

Her Success in Canada.

With her advent as commander in Canada she threw herself into her work with the zeal that marked her efforts in London. Her administration has been characterized by good judgment and success. In her duties as commander she has displayed the possession of rare executive ability. She has a fancy for big enterprises. When she comes to assume charge of the American division she will have opportunity to use her ability in this regard.

Miss Booth is not ignorant of conditions of the work of the army as it is in this country. Although her command was across the border, she has been in the habit of coming to New York to consult her sister. Her sister's special interest was in prison work, and Eva Booth was always a patient counselor with her in her efforts to alleviate the lot of the men who were in prison. Together the two laid plans for this branch of the army's work. The death of the commander of the country she is their best friend, but it is reasonable to suppose that the new commander will earnestly strive to carry on her sister's work.

That there will undoubtedly be a shake-up in the present assignment of officers throughout the United States is a foregone conclusion. Like an incoming President of the country she is to select her cabinet or staff, as it is called in the Salvation Army. This staff includes a chief secretary, a financial secretary, a colonial secretary, a financial secretary, and a trade secretary. Colonel Jacobson, who is now in command of the right-hand man in Canada, and it is thought that he will probably come here as her chief secretary. Another change in the working order of the army here predicted by many in the higher ranks is the appointment of two new commissioners, one to have charge of the country west of the Mississippi River, and the other to cover the East. These officers will be responsible for the government of their jurisdictions to Miss Booth. Although she is expected to arrive here in November, it is improbable that these new commissioners will be appointed until several months later.

WHY MRS. PAGET IS KING EDWARD'S FAVORITE AMERICAN SUBJECT

THIS is the story of the magnificent pearl rope which always hangs around the Queen's neck. Many have been curious to learn it. Here it is. But first a word about Mrs. Paget.

Mrs. Arthur Paget is the only woman who ever surprised Queen Alexandra. And that is why the King likes her best of all his American subjects. And that is why the Queen loves her best of all the women in the world, outside her own family.

Mrs. Paget, be it known, is the only woman who ever made friends with both the King and the Queen.

Other women have been liked by either the King or the Queen. And, to be liked by one was a pretty sure guarantee of not being liked by the other.

None Like Her.

There have been women, like Lady Brooke, now countess of Warwick; Mrs. Langtry, and others—charming women indeed—but without the knack of making friends with the whole family. And then there have been dear good souls, the Countess of Salisbury, Mrs. Gladstone and the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, who were dearly liked by the Queen, but to whom the King was as indifferent as dish water.

It took Mrs. Paget to captivate them both. Yes, and the Princess of Wales, too, and the Wales grandchildren. She took the latter into the grounds of Sandringham one day when the Queen had a headache and the Princess of Wales was away.

Doings of Family.

Their royal grandmother guards them very closely on these occasions, and in spite of the bevy of maids and nurses she keeps them in sight. Their mother, the princess, was opening a bazaar in London and their father, the prince, was laying a cornerstone in Liverpool. The four princesses and the princesses were at home in the Queen's care, when Alexandra came down with a headache. Outside in the grounds there was the din of ponies and carts, of engines and the barking of toy dogs and the exhortation of nurses. Within the Queen groaned.

Then Mrs. Paget arrived on the scene and within ten minutes she had the small royal cortege playing and contented, and the only sound was their merry laughter from the distant hill, where they peacefully picnicked.

Mrs. Paget is on whispering terms with the King and on gossiping terms with the Queen. Her majesty loves to see Mrs. Paget with King Edward, because she knows he is in no worse company. And her majesty loves to have Mrs. Paget at Windsor, because she likes her so much. "Make friends with the women, and the men are sure to like you," was the precept taught by Mrs. Parson Stevens to her daughter years ago. Make friends with the wives and

your success is assured. The men may like to flirt with you, but it is the women who make up the dinner and ball lists.

Story of Rope of Pearls.

Mrs. Paget planted herself securely in the hearts of both of the royal couple. And that is how she came to surprise Queen Alexandra. "Give her majesty a rope of pearls," she whispered to King Edward, "for a birthday gift."

The King nodded. "And let them be the souvenir pearls." In the Queen's jewel chest there were odd pearls. There were six large pink pearls of lovely opaque tint from India. And there were six gold pearls from the shore of the Australian coast. A handful of oyster gray pearls had been brought from an island in the Antarctic Sea. There were the blue pearls of Labrador and pink pearls from the Mediterranean. And there were dozens of lovely milk white pearls which had been brought from the north, and from France, and from all over and given to the Queen as souvenirs and as royal gifts.

"They would make a priceless rope," advised Mrs. Paget. And so, for the Queen's birthday, the King gathered the pearls together and had them strung in a great string, making a rope that went several times around her neck, showing the many colored pearls in all their beauty. "It looks unfinished," said the King. "A diamond pendant," whispered Mrs. Paget.

"And inside of the pendant there shall be what?"

"A picture of your majesty done in miniature."

The King Liked It.

The King, highly delighted at the suggestion, had the order carried out. And that is how Queen Alexandra happens to own the prettiest pearl rope in the world. They may look upon the state jewels in caskets at Sandringham, they may cart off the crown to be exhibited behind glass in the Tower. But the rope of pearls, with the diamond pendant, belongs to the Queen. And no one can take it away from her. She is scarcely ever without it. And when she sleeps it is in a little case upon her dresser, by the side of her bed. She loves to wear it with her favorite color, which is Irish gray.

And that is why Mrs. Paget is so popular at court, for the King whispered that it was Mrs. Paget's suggestion. And Mrs. Paget answered that it was the King's own thoughtfulness. And so both of their majesties were highly pleased.

Queen Alexandra likes Mrs. Paget for her good taste in dress. She takes her shopping with her. For twenty years the Queen had dressed in mourning. She never could get out of gray. She was still in gray for Queen Victoria when she visited Ireland last year.



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.

Said to Be the Only Woman Who Was Ever a Friend of Both King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

"Wear green and gray," suggested Mrs. Paget.

And so when Dublin's lord mayor came out to welcome Queen Alexandra, he found her charmingly dressed in gray, with a veil of green chiffon draped over her hat. Her gray gown had a yest of green velvet, and she carried a deep green umbrella, for her majesty walks always with a slight limp.

From green it was easy to drift into this red. And from red into pink. And that is the story of how Queen Alexandra came to throw off her mourning and be dressed in orchid pink, as she was a few weeks ago.

It was Mrs. Paget who brought the Queen out, so to speak. Her majesty had become shy and had grown backward after the death of her son about appearing in public.

"What can I give the orphan's bazaar?" asked the Queen of Mrs. Paget one day.

"I know of nothing as valuable as your presence," said Mrs. Paget, quickly. "If I thought so," said the Queen, hesitatingly.

"I can assure your majesty of it," said Mrs. Paget. "I believe you are right," said the Queen, thoughtfully. "I shall attend the bazaar."

That was two years ago. Today there is not a woman in England who leads the busy life of the Queen. She is on the go from morning until night, attending bazaar and other charitable functions.

Mrs. Paget's Skill.

It is to Mrs. Paget's skillful maneuvering that the brilliant court functions of the present reign are due. "These must be drawing-rooms," said the Queen, wearily, after the distressing scenes of the coronation, when the King, still half ill, was compelled to stand an hour without resting.

"Wait awhile," said Mrs. Paget, "and let them be evening drawing-rooms. Let the courts of the Elizabethan reign."

The Queen took her advice. She inaugurated the evening drawing-rooms and the court chamberlain now arranges the guests for an evening's presentation of two hours rather than the tiresome all-the-afternoon presentations of Queen Victoria's reign.

It was Mrs. Paget who persuaded the Queen to substitute a modern pretty automobile for the heavy state carriage which was so depressing to her majesty's spirits. And it was to her magnificent skillful management that Londoners are indebted for the luscious and the little afternoon at home which have cheered the Queen without detracting from her dignity, and have made her so popular with her subjects.

All went well and for the past four years Mrs. Paget has been the woman behind the throne. All went well until a month ago.

Then Mrs. Paget, returning late one night from an entertainment with her son, walked through the drawing-rooms in her home on Belgrave Square, stepping into an alcove, threw open the door of the electric elevator. The elevator is a little affair which runs up through the house from cellar to roof. Within there is a small cushioned seat and there is just space for four persons to stand. There is an electric light inside and a small wheel or lever by which the elevator is propelled.

Tragic Plunge Down Shaft.

Mrs. Paget walked through the drawing-rooms. All was dark, as it was late. Then she stepped in.

There was a frightened shriek. Then a dull thud.

The elevator was at the top of the house, and Mrs. Paget had walked into the open shaft. She lay at the bottom, bruised, broken, and senseless.

Her son, who was just behind her, rushed into the cellar and found his mother lying there. She was in all her ballroom array, but unconscious. Physicians were summoned. Word was sent to the palace and the King dispatched his surgeon, Sir Arthur Treves, to the Paget home. The Queen was in hysterics all night and her attendants were alarmed about her. So many misfortunes have happened to the friends of England's Queen that she ever dreads a new one.

It was three days before the extent of Mrs. Paget's injuries could be determined. Then it was found that the knee cap had been shattered in six places. It was broken in bits like a china saucer dashed twenty feet to the ground. One leg was broken in two places. Both ankles were horribly sprained. One wrist was out of joint and all the fingers were broken. And many internal injuries were feared. And, worst of all, there was a broken hip.

Alive and Conscious.

Mrs. Paget was alive and conscious, so Sir Arthur reported. There was that much to be thankful for.

It will be months before she is about again. Perhaps a whole year. Meanwhile bulletins are sent daily to the palace. The Queen calls often. The King has inquired twice in person and has sent his messengers three times a day.

Each morning a florist comes from the royal conservatories with fresh blossoms. Each day a messenger comes from the Queen's table, and from the King's wine cellar with delicacies for the invalid. Each noon there is a special envoy to inquire what can be done for the sufferer. Surely everything that can be devised for the comfort of the distinguished woman is being done.

If Mrs. Paget recovers she will stand higher than ever at court. She has been so docile, so ready to take the advice of the Queen's physicians in the matter of her treatment, so amiable through it all.